Numb. 97.

The British Apollo,

OR,

Curious Amuſements for the INGENIOUS.

To which are added the moſt

Material Occurrences Foreign and Domeſtick.

Perform'd by a Society of GENTLEMEN.

From **Wedneſday** January 12th. to **Friday** January 14th. 1708.

Q. *GEntlemen, In the* 22d Verſe *of the* 5th Chapter *of St.* Matthew, *we read thus: But I ſay unto you, that, whoſoever is angry with his Brother without a cauſe, ſhall be in danger of the Judgment, and Whoſoever ſhall ſay to his Brother*, Racha, *ſhall be in danger of the Counſel: But whoſoever ſhall ſay, thou Fool, ſhall be in danger of Hell-fire. Pray explain this Verſe, and you'll oblige Yours*, &c.

A. It is obſerv'd, that the Jews had three Diſtinct Courts of Juſtice. The Loweſt conſiſted of Three Men, and reſembled a Bench of Juſtices with Us. The Next was compos'd of Twenty Three, and might be compar'd to our Queen's Bench. The Higheſt, call'd the great Sanhedrim, was made up of Seventy, and bore Analogy to our Parliament. Several Learned Men are of Opinion, that this threefold Gradation of our Bleſſed Lord's refers to thoſe three Diſtinct Courts of Juſtice. But we cannot ſee, how the Sanhedrim cou'd be repreſented under the Expreſſion of Hell-fire.

Racha, is a word of *Hebrew* Original, and ſignifies a Vain, Idle, Pitiful, Worthleſs Fellow. But as *Fool* in the Scripture Notion of the word imports a Prophane, Wicked Wretch, ſo it is a Word of greater Contumely than *Racha*.

As He, who is only Inwardly Angry with his Brother without a cauſe, cannot come under the Correction of the Magiſtrate, who is not Privy to the Conceptions of his Mind, ſo by *Judgment* we underſtand the Judgment or Anger of that God, who is *a ſearcher of the heart*. But if a Man proceed from Angry Thoughts to Reproachful Language, ſuch as the calling of his Brother (or what is all one, any of his Fellow Creatures, for we are All Brethren) *Racha*, he ſhall be in danger of the Counſel: That is, ſuch contumelious uſage (to allude to *Job*) *is an heinous crime, yea, it is an iniquity to be puniſht by the Judges*. But if he advance (out of Malice and Revenge, as we muſt ſuppoſe alſo in the preceeding Caſe) to the Higheſt Degree of Contumely, to that ſlanderous reproach of, *thou Fool*, the Penalty inflicted by the Counſel will be the ſmalleſt of his Puniſhment; for he will be more Particularly ſubject to the *vengeance of Eternal fire*.

How different is this Paſſage (as is obſerv'd by Dr. *Hammond*) from *Homer*'s Morals in the Caſe before us, who introduces the Goddeſs *Minerva* forbidding, indeed, *Achilles* to draw his Sword and fight his Antagoniſt *Agamemnon*, but giving him Permiſſion to Rail and Slander as he pleas'd. But our Lord (ſo Pure, ſo Refin'd His Syſtem of Morality) commands us not only to Forbear all manner of Contumelious Language, but alſo to Reſtrain the very Motions of the *Heart*, *out of the Abundance* of which *the Mouth ſpeaketh*.

Q. *Your Opinion is deſir'd, whether the receiving the Lord's Supper be abſolutely neceſſary to Salvation to thoſe, who are of an age to partake of it.*

A. The Apoſtle ſays, that we muſt *bring Every Thought into Captivity to the obedience of Chriſt*. How much more muſt our Actions be Conformable to his Holy Laws, to his Divine Commandments? And yet our Attendance on the Holy Euchariſt, is what he propoſes to us under the Authority of a Peremptory Command; *Do This in Remembrance of Me*. While then we ſtand Indictable of a Noncompliance with ſo Indiſpenſible an Injunction, we unhappily come under that Sarcaſtical Reprehenſion; *why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the thing, that I command you*. If we *neglect the Aſſembling our ſelves* together, as the Manner of too many is, at the Lord's Table, whatever formal Confeſſions we may pretend to make, we do in effect Diſown our Maſter, *Deny the Lord that Bought us*, and Impiouſly cry out with the Miſcreants in the Goſpel, *We will not have this man to reign over us*.

Is not Ingratitude an Heinous, a Damning Sin, and conſequently Gratitude Neceſſary to Salvation? And yet by neglecting the Bleſſed Sacrament, we add Baſeneſs to Diſobedience and Ingratitude to Rebellion. For is it not an Unheard of Inſtance of Ingratitude to refuſe to remember Him, who in ſo wonderful a manner remembred us; to refuſe to do ſo ſmall a thing for Him, who *has done ſuch Great things for Us, whereof we rejoyce*; to refuſe to Banquet with Him, who Faſted forty days for Us; to refuſe to Eat Bread and Drink Wine for His Sake, who for Our Sakes had *Gall to Eat, and Vineger to Drink*? From ſuch a Complication of Diſobedience and Ingratitude, *Good Lord, Deliver us*.

In 1 Cor. 10. 16. we read; *the cup of bleſſing, which we bleſs, is it not the Communion of the blood of Chriſt? The bread, which we break, is it not the Communion of the Body of Chriſt?* From which Paſſage it naturally follows, that the bleſſed conſequences of our Saviour's Sufferings, to wit, the Overtures of Grace, the Remiſſion of our Sins, the Opportunities of Repentance, the Aſſiſtance of the Holy Spirit, that they are all Confin'd to the Inſtitution of ſo Heavenly a Repaſt. And if Chriſt has Enacted a Peculiar Ordinance to beſtow his favours by, can We expect to Partake of them, tho' thus Appropriated, while we Neglect the proper Conduits of Conveyance? As well might *Naaman*, the Syrian Leper, have been Cur'd of his Leproſy by waſhing in *Abana* or *Pharpar*, which he boaſted to be better than all the Rivers of Iſrael. He therefore did well at laſt to comply with the Intreaties of his Servants, and follow the Directions of *Eliſha*. For no ſooner did he waſh in the River *Jordan*, the River appointed by the Prophet, but he was Immediately Clean. Come then to the bleſſed Sacrament, frequently Partake of that Heavenly Banquet, if ye wou'd be Cur'd of the Leproſy of Sin, wou'd be *made Whole*, wou'd *Wiſh and be Clean*.

Q. *Gentlemen, There being a conſiderable Wager depending, and it is to be determin'd by You. Whether a Bird dies a Natural Death. I have for ſeveral Years obſerved, that I never found in any place a Bird dead, unleſs Starved, or Shot, or ſome Untimely Death. Pray Anſwer this the firſt Opportunity.*

A. All Living Creatures converſant in this Lower World are ſubject to a Natural Diſſolution; and therefore Birds are not Exempt from the Common Lot. As their Compoſure contains the Principles of Corruption, ſo what You ſeem willing to believe cannot poſſibly be true upon any other Foundation than the Prepoſterous Suppoſition, that in All Birds an Untimely Death Prevents a Natural. In ſuch caſes the Experience of one Man is not ſufficient to found a Truth upon. For tho' You in the courſe of many Years might never have found one ſuch, yet it does not follow, but that others might not have found many. For a ſlight Obſervation will furniſh you with many Inſtances of a reſembling Nature. But ſince you ſpeak of ſome Birds you met with, that were ſtarved, how do you know, but that it might be a Natural Diſtemper, that ſo Pall'd their Appetite, and weakned their Stomach, that they cou'd not eat, and therefore were reduc'd to ſo Lean a condition before their Expiration. You may conſider too, that the Birds, which are kill'd, are more ready to be met with than thoſe, which dye a Natural Death, before which they may retire to Obſcure, and ſometimes to Impervious places. It is well known alſo to all that deal in Birds, that many dye of the *Pip*, the *Rank*, &c. tho' every way provided for with the greateſt Care.

Q. *Gentlemen, I deſire you would teach me the Etymology of your Stile in your Paper of Friday the 17th* Decem. *in the laſt ſide, 1ſt Column, under the Article of* Leghorn, *you ſay* (inter alia) *where there was a Garriſon, &c. Pray does not the Particle* (there) *redound* (where) *being immediately prefix'd: It is the Opinion of ſeveral as well as my ſelf, that the whole Clauſe is Non-ſenſe by reaſon of that word. I deſire at your leiſure you would either convince me, as well others, of my Error, or confirm me in my Opinion of Yours. By which you will oblige a Subſcriber.*

A. If the word *There* in the place alledg'd, were an Adverb of Place, we wou'd allow the Criticiſm to be good. But in that Article it is no more than what Grammarians call an Expletive, and Rhetoricians a Pleonaſm. Both which Terms import a Redundant or Inſignificant word. And this Expletive is uſually attendant on the Verb Subſtantive thro' all the Tenſes. And the Propriety of the Engliſh Tongue has ſo far Adopted this Pleonaſtical word, that in many Inſtances it cannot be Omitted. So that it is at once (a ſeeming Paradox) both Redundant and Neceſſary too. We hope you will allow the following Sentence to be no ways Improper; *There was a time, when*, &c. Now you cannot but Perceive, that the word *There* is no Adverb of Place, ſince the Sentence ſpeaks only of Time, which is Diſtinct from place.

Q. *In a Morning, when I riſe out of my Bed, as ſoon as I am got upon my feet, I have a Violent Pain in my head, and a little giddineſs, which does not laſt above a Minute, or two; and if You will inform me, what is the Cauſe of it. You will Oblige Your Well Wiſher and Subſcriber,* Theophilus.

A. The Cauſe of this your Pain, and Giddineſs we take to be a great Weakneſs of the Brain, and Nervous Stock, whence the Motion of Riſing may cauſe a Perturbation of the Animal Spirits, or quicken the Motion of the Blood for ſo ſmall a time, in ſuch a Manner, as to produce this Diſorder.

Q. *Why is any thing ſaid to be* Fire, *or* Bran-New?

A. We take it to be a *Metaphor* from Iron-work, which may be very properly ſaid to be *Fire*, or *Bran-New*, becauſe it never yields to the Hammer, nor can be reduced to any Form, but when it is taken red hot out of the Fire.

Q. *I have frequently obſerved, and have heard it affirm'd by ſeveral, nay, even Grave-diggers, that the Earth, which is dug out of a Grave, will not fill it after the Coffin is in, which without diſpute adds to the Reflexion of it. The Reaſon of it will oblige* F. V.

A. Notwithſtanding this Curious Obſervation of yours and the Grave-diggers, give us leave to doubt the Matter of fact, ſince it is ſo common to ſee the Graves in every Church-yard rais'd in proportion to the Coffin within it.

Q. *Gentlemen, There is a Conteſt between the Son and the Son in Law, of a deceas'd Gentlewoman, which ſhall defray the Charges of Her Funeral. They are of equal Circumſtances,* &c.

A. Their Circumſtances being equal, the Son ſtands much more engag'd than the Son in Law, both by Duty and Natural Affection.

Q. *Your Thoughts upon throwing at Cocks at Shrovetide.*

A. See *Apollo*, Numb. 4.

Q. *Whether there might not be a Rainbow before the Deluge.*

A. See *Apollo*, Numb. 40.

POEMS.

Q. *YE Britiſh Youths, who all things undertake,*
And well perform in Love's meandring (Paths,
Vouſafe my Queſtion Anſwer, ſuch as may
Luſt's fatal raging Fire quite extinguiſh,
Yet gently fan the flames of Chaſt deſire.
Whence is't? The perfect Libertine, in whom
The headſtrong Paſſions and wild Appetites,
Rule with alternate Sway, Reaſon dethron'd,

And

And Conſcience now no more. Whence is't, I ſay,
This Man, thus abandon'd, his End Obtain'd,
His Luſtful Heat in Chloe's *Arms Aſſwag'd,*
So call the Proſtitute, Inſtead of Senſe
Of Obligation and Eſteem, He looks
With Hatred and Contempt upon the Fool,
The fond deluded Partner of his Crime;
Whilſt He, who acts by Nature's ſteady Laws,
And makes Religion's clearer Light his Guide,
Lies panting on the Breaſt of his Chaſt Fair,
Love and Reſpect Increaſing in his Soul.

A. The *Libertine* with *Brutal Senſe* alone,
Affects the Mercenary Proſtitute;
Which ſatiated, ſinks into *Remorſe*,
Sow'rd by Reflection on Polluted Joy:
But *Chaſter Flames* envigorate Delight,
And give a *Looſe*, uncheckt by Conſcious Guilt;
Whilſt Mingling Souls abſorb the Flowing Joys,
Dilating to Unlimited Extent.
The Beauties of the *Mind*, theſe Captivate,
Which *ſtretch* like their Expanded Origine,
In Future Worlds, Aſſuring Endleſs Bliſs:
The Other's limited to frail Decay,
Sicken and Dye, with the Deficient Cauſe.

Q. *Tell me, bright God (for thou, or none, canſt tell*
The Myſtick Pow'rs, that in bleſt Numbers dwell,
Thou, their great nature know'ſt, nor is it fit
This nobleſt Gem of thine own Crown t' omit.)
Tell me, from whence theſe heavenly Charms ariſe,
Teach the Dull World t' admire, what they deſpiſe.

A. Since thus ſubmiſſively you ſpeak in Rhime,
Know, That Great Power conſiſts in true *Sublime.*
By *Words* well choſe, and a juſt *Turn* of *Thought*,
The Wond'rous *Charm*, The Mighty *Magic's* wrought:
Which, as it needs no *Ornaments* to ſhine,
Commands *Reſpect*, and ſpeaks it ſelf *DIVINE.*

Q. *Tell me*, Apollo, *if You dare, Sir,*
Why ſome love Crum, and others Cruſt, Sir.
The Reaſon why, I ſend this Query,
It is, becauſe, I can aſſure Ye,
There is a Family in this Town, Sir,
That Cruſt will not with them go down, Sir.
Send me, Apollo. *if You can, Sir,*
A Civil, or a Cruſty Anſwer.

Yours, a Subſcriber.

A. Why Cruſt Offenſive proves to ſome, Sir,
Or why ſuch moſt delight in Crum, Sir,
We hold the Procatarctick Cauſe, Sir,
Is Deficience in their Jaws, Sir:
Or elſe their Teeth are like to Break, Sir,
Or elſe their Stomachs are but weak, Sir,
Or elſe they covet better Fare, Sir,
Or elſe they do't to make you Stare, Sir.

Q. *We four do intend,*
With proviſo, you'll lend
Us, a few of Bright Phœbus's *Brains,*
To be Undertakers,
As we are Cuckold-makers,
Or elſe we muſt drop our high Strains.
We four, when we muſter
Our Brains in a clutter,
Do ſeem ſo wonderful Shallow,
That we ſhould be willing
To venture ten Shilling,
To purchaſe ſome more of Apollo.
Undertakers are as follow:
T. P M. M. R. T. N. D.

A. Tis a Sign you want Brains,
(If your Aim is at Gains)
Thus to ſeek, to improve them to more,
When 'tis known, what *Wiſeacres*
Set up *Undertakers*,
Tho' *REMARKable* Blockheads before.
You've heard more than once,
Of a Notable Dunce,
Who three times ſet up for an *Author*,
Your Purſe too He'll Quench,
When Heated with Pence,
And your *Goods* with a *Whimſical Water.*

Q. *Oh! tell me, (for 'tis You the doubt muſt clear)*
If Love was meant a Bliſs, why ſowr'd by fear,
Or Damn'd to Doubts we know not why nor where;
But if a Curſe on Human Race deſign'd,
Why is not Man leſs fond, or Heav'n more kind?

Thyrſis.

A. No Joys are in themſelves Full and Compleat,
But need their *Contraries*, to make them *Great*,
And muſt be Checkt, to make them more Dilate:
Thus Doubts and Fears, the Future Bliſs refine,
As Stars Unveil'd, with Greater Luſter ſhine.

A CONSOLATORY ESSAY
To the Ingenious Daughters *of a* Lady *of* Quality *lately Deceas'd.*

Immoderate Sorrow like *Immoderate Joy,*
Soothing our *Paſſions* does our *Health* deſtroy;
Why ſhould ye then, to be but *vainly* kind,
Add a *weak Body* to a *ſick'ly Mind?*
Could but your *Pious Grief* recall her Breath,
Or *Tears* of *Duty* win her back from *Death*,
We would not blame the *Paſſion*, you expreſs,
But mourn a part *our ſelves*, to make *your* Burthen *leſs.*

But oh! when *certain DEATH's uncertain Hour*
Exerts his *keen*, his *unreſiſted* Pow'r;
When we are ſummon'd from our *Cares below*
To *Worlds*, which *Mortals* are too frail to know,
Such *Heav'nly Souls*, as your *Dear Mother* own'd,
Amidſt *Seraphick Splendors* ſit enthron'd,
Whence, crown'd with *Bleſſings*, from their *Seats* (they view
Theſe *lower Regions*, which *themſelves once* knew.

And

And *Ripe in joys* like thoſe, for *You* deſign'd,
Pity the *Pledges* they have left behind.
Why ſhould you then ſuch *helpleſs Griefs* perſue,
And wiſh *on Earth* for *Thoſe*, who wiſh *in Heav'n* for *You*.

'Tis true, Your *Pious Mother*'s loſs is Great,
Great to the *World* and *You*, *Both* ſhare *one Fate*;
The *Publick Good* by her Endeavours done,
Made *every* Heart *her own*, and *every* Man her *Son*;
Thence *Lovely Mourners*, we preſume to prove,
We ought to *ſhare Your Grief*, who *ſhar'd your Mother's Love*.

Yet may *each Party* make their Sorrows *leſs*,
And *You* and *We* concern enough Profeſs,
You may with Comforts *calm* your *ſtormy* mind,
To think, Your *Mother* left her *Cares* behind.
And *We*, *tho' Looſers*, may be *eaſy* too,
Since we can ne'er be *Poor*, poſſeſſing *You*.

On a Young Lady's Birth-Day.

AS when *Briſk Friends* in joyful Converſe Bleſt,
Wear *Ev'ning* thro', *unmindful* of their *Reſt*,
The *Midnight Watchman* with his *doleful Call*,
Repeats *Paſt twelve a Clock*, and *ſtartles* all;
Each *flies* to *Miſtreſs*, *Wife* or *what*'s his *Lot*,
Griev'd that his *Balmy Slumber* was forgot.
So *I* laſt *one and Twentieth* Idly Gay,
Drown'd the *Remembrance* of the *Weighty* Day,
Till Powerful *Inſtinct Echo'd* thro' my Mirth,
Heavens! This *Bleſs'd Tueſday* gave *MARIA* Birth!
Frightned, I *ſtarted* from *Miſtaken Bliſs*,
All *Exſtaſy*'d at a *Surprize* like *This*,
Sit I ſo *unconcern'd*, and *that* Day *here*,
Which crowns *MARIA* with her *Twentieth Year*?
What *Ages* have I loſt, ſince *firſt* ſhe grew
Ripe for my *Paſſion*, and my *Wonder* too?
Nay, while I thus *repent*, the Fault rolls on,
And *Times Fleet Gifts*, in *Counting* them, are gone:
Quick let me fly, and her Conſent implore,
That I may *never* loſe her *Preſence* more,
But *Double* future joys, for *thoſe* I *loſt before*.

SIR,

THE Advices from Verſailles, Jan 4th are, that the Duke de Enghien, the Duke of Bourbon's Eldeſt Son, who was Nominated by the King in September laſt, to be a Knight of the Order of St. Michael, and of the Holy Ghoſt, was, by a Chapter held the day before in the King's Cloſet, Elected Knight of the ſaid Orders, and took his Place accordingly, wearing his proper habit, which was adorn'd with abundance of Jewels. After a ſmall time the Knights in Proceſſion walk'd to the Chappel, where Maſs was perform'd by the Abbot d'Eſtrees, Prelat Commandeur of the Order of the Holy Ghoſt, which being ended, the Dauphine and the Duke of Burgundy led up the Duke d'Enghien to his Majeſty's Throne, which was raiſ'd on the right ſide of the Altar, where the ſaid Duke was inveſted with a Great Robe, and received the Collar of the Holy Ghoſt. After that Ceremony was ended, he took his place next to his Father the Duke of Bourbon; and then his Majeſty was reconducted to the Door of his great Cloſet.

'Tis adviſed from Plymouth Jan. 9th, that the day before came in the Cheſter from Portſmouth, and the *Chatham* from the Weſtward: That the Virgin of London, of 60 Guns, from Gibraltar, was taken yeſterday morning off of the Start, by 3 large French Privateers, and ſeveral of her Men were put on board a Dutch Ship bound to France. The advices from Briſtol Jan. 10th. are, that yeſterday arrived there the Betty Galley from Majorca, but laſt from Gibraltar in 3 Weeks and odd days; ſhe came out in company with the Prince George of this place, but bound for London, but being a clean Ship ſoon left her: The Maſter of the Betty Galley reports, that 4 Men of War ſail'd from Gibraltar, to cruiſe, 3 days before he left that place. From Deal, Jan 10th. 'tis adviſed, that Her Majeſty's Ships the Nottingham, Newport and Saphire, are ſtill there, and that yeſterday in the afternoon came in the Prince George, Capt. Harbin from Leghorn, but laſt from Gibraltar, &c. Which is all from Yours, &c.

Whereas great Numbers of Perſons come to our Printer, for our Six-penny Quarterly Book, we thought fit to give notice, that we deſign to diſpoſe of none of them but to our preſent Subſcribers, and thoſe who will become ſuch, before they are all gone, who may have them of our Servants in their Walks.

All Perſons are deſir'd to Direct their Letters (Superſcrib'd for the *Britiſh Apollo*) to Mr. *Carter* at the *Green Dragon* in St. *Paul*'s Church-Yard, Mr. *Bickerton* at the *Roſe and Crown* in *Little Britain* Bookſellers, or to the Printer hereof, whether with Queſtions, or with Directions to become Subſcribers, or for whole Sets from the Beginning, or for Books of Guards neatly bound to keep them in at 2 *s.* a piece, with all which they ſhall be ſerv'd [illegible] by our Meſſengers.

Note, That they who have [illegible] to pay Eight Shillings and Six Pence for all to *St. Thomas*'s Day except the Qurterly Book, of which Sets great part are gone, and we ſhall not Reprint them again, having twice reprinted them already.

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